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A POEM
ON
THE AUTHORS
OF
THE BAVIAD,
AND
PURSUIITS OF LITERATURE.



Parsius Haccus (A)
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A POEM:

ON

THE AUTHORS

OF

TWO LATE PRODUCTIONS;

INTITLED

“THE BAVIAD:”

AND

“PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.”

“That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himself
“a master WIT, is a master FOOL !”

BEN JOHNSON'S SILENT WOMAN.

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A POEM

THE AUTHORS

TWO LATE PRODUCTIONS

INTRODUCED

"THE BAVIAD"



"PURSUITS OF LITERATURE"

"That tells our story, Madam, that the story books"

"a master wit, is a master fool"

THE JOURNAL OF THE LITERARY

LONDON

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W. DODD

A P O E M,
ON
THE AUTHORS,

By the Authors.

TWO Rhymers from the loins of Envy sprung;
Who spread with liberal hand their load of dung!
Presume to govern the Castalian State,
And stun the world with literary prate!
From this *Directory*, of lawless sway,
The Council of sage *Elders* turn away;
And dare reverse, with uncreating hand,
Th' unjust decrees by these usurpers plann'd.

B

'Tis

'Tis said, that when of late the Gallic Host
 With spreading sails approach'd the Cambrian Coast,
 An ardent Welchman—at the sight impress'd—
 Swore, stamp'd, and fum'd; by rage and fear possess'd:
 As nearer still advanc'd the hostile train,
 Resistless fury fir'd the Welchman's brain;
 And now each day he haunts the pebbly strand,
 The self-appointed guardian of the land:
 Does any vessel his wild vision meet?
 The maniac loud exclaims “ *The Fleet! The Fleet!*”

Thus, like our Taffy, acts the *Baviad Muse!*
 Who, with just rage, the Cruscan Tribe pursues;
 Yet to degrade all other Bards he pants,
 Frets, bounces, bullies, rages, rhymes, and rants!
 Does any Poet wound his jealous eyes,
 The maniac “ *Crusca, Della Crusca!*” cries.
 Oft' have I seen, light-tossing on the main,
 A small bark, steering to APOLLO's fane;
 Whose pilot rear'd no meretricious sail,
 To play and wanton with the flutt'ring gale:
 No gold-wing'd CUPIDS hover'd o'er the prow,
 To welcome VENUS, rising from below:

This

This undeck'd galley, innocent of pride,
 Pursu'd her voyage thro' the swelling tide:
 That *first*, that *last*, that ONLY safe resource—
 To NATURE trusting for a happy course!
 Yet then, impatient of this humble prize,
 The rhyming maniac “*Della Crusca!*” cries.

SAY, shall this mock high-priest of Censure's band
 Presume to fling his *Vetos* o'er the land?
 Did Nature call him to her holy fane?
 Or Genius, with infusing hand, ordain?
 Say,—does th' inspiring spirit of the sky,
 VATICINATION, swell his pregnant eye?
 No prophet's mantle, flutt'ring thro' the air,
 Fell on our Cynic as th' appointed heir:
 But he inherits, from some kindred mind,
 A short rough jerkin of the drugget kind.

At first, our author his great name withdrew,
 Prudish and coy to meet the public view;
 Suffus'd with blushes of the virgin bride,
 With soft refusal, and with modest pride;

And sweet reluctant amorous delay
 Prettily shrinking from the garish day:
 Now the fond witling, eager for applause,
 Tears with intrepid hand th' injurious gauze;
 Bursts on the town, and bids the world admire
 The matchless works of BILLY GIFFARD *'Squire.*

IF each bold Village-Hampden may withstand
 The little tyrant of his little land;
 May not the Muse, with equal right, maintain
 The long-earn'd honours of her small domain?
 Ye great departed shades! who, when on earth,
 Hail'd, with benign applause, the Muse's birth;
 O CHESTERFIELD! O CHATHAM's sacred fire!
 O GRAY! thou lord of the enchanting lyre!
 Beneath your fost'ring praise, a lowly muse
 Smil'd, like the flow'ret fed with heav'nly dews;
 And look'd the lily shelter'd in the dale,
 Just breaking through' her green o'ermantling veil:
 And shall this flow'ret perish, in her noon,
 Beneath the dull-ey'd peasant's clouted shoon?

WHEN

WHEN CHURCHILL enter'd on the critic war,
 With thunder clothing his loud-crushing car;
 Tho' party-zeal inflam'd his iron heart,
 And prejudice sharp pointed ev'ry dart;
 With glowing thoughts, his mind profusely teem'd;
 And, on his burnish'd armour, Genius beam'd:
 Meanwhile, th' illumin'd spirit, from her throne,
 Beheld his course, and mark'd him for her own!

BUT no such honors our defamer grace—
 The low-bred snarler of the mungrel race!
 Ah! may no muse, whom Nature bids aspire,
 Shrink, when this cens'rer boils with jaundic'd ire!
 This vaticide! whom Truth and Taste discard:
 This growling *Zoilus*! this male *Poissarde*!
 Image of Sycorax constrained to stoop,
 By Envy's pang distorted to a hoop!

AH! may the heav'n-born Muse, still unappall'd,
 Her hymns prepare in Virtue's choir install'd;
 With honest pride, her rightful claim assert,
 And rise aloft, disdaining critic dirt.

—Thus

—Thus the fair Lote-Tree, in Egyptian clime,
 Lifts her gay head above th' unhallow'd slime;
 While, hovering o'er her form, th' inspiring pow'r
 * Breathes on her leaves, and wakens every flow'r !

NOW from the *Baviad Muse*, we turn away,

And to the other Bard direct our lay :

Who, like *Guy Faux*, conceal'd within his cell,
 Arm'd with a fulphurous torch allum'd in hell;
 Ardent to blow, with his destructive aim,
 To airy nothing, many a splendid name;
 And now exulting views, thro' Fancy's eye,
 Cows, Scarfs, Lawn-Sleeves, and Mitres, tost on high;

* As the Egyptian hieroglyphic for *matter* was *mud*, so the Deity was pictured sitting upon the Lote-Tree above the watery mud,—*In Loto arbore sedentem, super Lutum*. See Cudworth's Intellectual System, Vol. I. p. 336.

Clarkson, in one of his pamphlets on the Slave Trade, informs us, that “ in the West Indies, there is a person called *A Jumper*, who inquires at people's houses if they have any slaves to be flogged, and who gets his living by this honourable employment.” The Author of *The Baviad* seems to be the Jumper of Parnassus. Perhaps it might not be altogether *outré*, were I here to suggest, to those possessing some share of genuine humour, as a subject for an heroic epistle, —*The Jumper in the West Indies, to his Cousin, the Jumper in England !*

Critics

Critics and Playwrights, Poetesses fair,
Divines, and Lawyers, sprawling in the air!
This gaudy vision, that adorns his theme,
Is but the stuff that forms a turbid dream:
He wakes, but to lament his poor device;
And is himself the fool of Paradise.

OUR active zealot, hast'ning to the field,
Grasps, with profaning hand, Faith's hallow'd shield.
Such half-faced champions the Great Cause disdains,
Who forge malignant Persecution's chains;
Within whose bosom, cold as Alpine snow,
No heav'n is kindled, and no seraphs glow!

BEHOLD Religion, daughter of the sky!
Soft rays of mercy beaming from her eye!
With cautious steps she shuns the bruised reed,
And sooths the heart Misfortune dooms to bleed!
Our ruffian zealot stains her heav'nly face;
Blurs ev'ry feature, cancels ev'ry grace;
Rends from the brow of the immortal Fair
Her white rose wreath, and stamps a blister there.

The

THE reverend victims of Tyrannic Sway
 Crowd to our coast, and breathe our milder day:
 An injur'd, firm, disinterested band,
 Whose hallow'd footsteps sanctify our land;
 On these meek martyrs of the general cause,
 (Tho' haply rul'd by less enlighten'd laws)
 Our holy Vandal, with resistless pow'r,
 Wou'd the full storm of fierce Destruction show'r;
 And threat'ning loud, from his ensanguin'd car,
 Cries, *Havoc!* and lets slip the dogs of war!
 Yes, he would rouse Intol'rance from her sleep
 And, from the saving breast of England, sweep
 The noblest images of God below;
 Men plung'd, for Virtue's sake, in deepest woe:
 But Britain scorns the persecutor's pray'r,
 And his wild war-hoop scatters into air.

As the kind Father of the human race,
 Whose awful Wisdom in each path we trace,
 Some soft prevailing antidote bestows
 On ev'ry weed and noxious herb that grows!
 So, of infuriate men to check the force,
 Of their mad schemes to stay th' intemperate course;

He,

He, in his mercy, gave a King, whose breast
 Glows and expands to innocence distress'd;
 With Ministers of high enlighten'd mind,
 Friends of the weak, and lovers of mankind:
 And gave fam'd Oxford, whose religious hand
 Extends her tribute to the suffering band.

SEE the fierce zealot, with unhallow'd rage,
 Profane the shrine of our departed Sage:
 That Shrine, where Memory her vigil keeps!
 Where Patience murmurs, and Affection weeps!
 Where Friendship with an heart-felt homage bends!
 Where Grief (the nation's delegate) attends!
 —“ Endow'd with all that Nature's pow'rs dispense,
 (She cries aloud) “ Thou Jove of Eloquence!
 “ Whose arm omnipotent, by Virtue strung,
 “ The daring thunderbolts of Genius flung:
 “ Thou Day-spring, from whence flow'd a radiant gleam,
 “ While democratic darkness curs'd the beam!
 “ Resplendent Moralist! what Honor plann'd,
 “ Thy warning voice diffused around the land:

" On thee my fond regret shall ever dwell ;

" Oh ! Guardian,—Champion,—Friend,—farewell, farewell !"

Is, then, this *Cerberus* at the gates of Fame,
 Accurs'd and void of ev'ry honest claim ?
 Tho' weak to reach the awful depth on high,
 And with th' undaunted eagle cleave the sky :
 On the bright God of Day unblenching gaze,
 Kindling his vision with the noon-tide blaze !
 Yet, would he but observe (intent to please)
 How Nature marries *Elegance* and *Ease* :
 (For oft' along his path devoid of grace,
 The splay-foot of Vulgarly we trace :)
 Would he apply, 'ere he prepares to hit,
 The patient chissel to his cumb'rous wit :
 Would he, with Truth's keen-glittering sun-beam, pierce
 The film of prejudice that clouds his verse !
 Himself subdue ! his own *familiar* thwart,
 And tear the foul fiend *Rancour* from his heart :
 He might become a heav'n-commiſſion'd ſage,
 To mark our errors and inſtruct the age.

So the grim rock, that hides his baneful form
Beneath the swelling of the ocean storm ;
When Time, that sways the world, shall interfere,
And bid the waves pursue a new career ;
---That baneful rock his lurking mansion leaves,
Full to the view a pond'rous mountain heaves :
And now, no more the mariner's dismay,
Befriends his course, and points the safer way.

So the grim rock, that hides his painful form
Beneath the swelling of the ocean foam;
When Time, that sweeps the world, shall interpose
And bid the waves pursue a new career;
That painful rock, his lurking treasure leaves
To roll to the view a boundless mountain range;
And now, no more the mariner's distant
Beholds his count, and points the late wayfarer
To the grim rock, that hides his painful form
Beneath the swelling of the ocean foam;
When Time, that sweeps the world, shall interpose
And bid the waves pursue a new career;
That painful rock, his lurking treasure leaves
To roll to the view a boundless mountain range;
And now, no more the mariner's distant
Beholds his count, and points the late wayfarer

NOTES.

“ Who forge malignant Persecution's chains” (Page 7.)

THE Principle of Toleration, that Brilliant in the diadem of our ecclesiastical polity, this Protestant Capuchin would fully with his contaminating breath. This philosopher, at the close of the eighteenth century, wakes the old cracked trumpet of religious alarm. The man who has the folly to assert, that the existence of some unendowed nunneries among us will endanger the established church, may as well imagine a strong wall can be thrown down by a handful of flowers.

When the Hugonots fled for refuge to this Country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, several pamphleteers, instigated by the same spirit which inflames this Gentleman, endeavoured to disturb the reception they met with from Government. Those advocates for persecution contended, that the Hugonots entertained principles hostile to monarchy, that their dismissal from France was to be imputed equally to their political as to their religious opinions : but the wisdom of Government was as deaf to their remonstrances then, as the reigning Administration is now to the clamours of such short-sighted scribblers.

Our

Our confident declaimer has bespoke a gale to convey him to posterity, but his unwieldy and leaky *collier* is not calculated for so long a voyage. When he is sepulchred in the profound void of oblivion, some historian, conscious of his awful function, will delineate the terrible drama which is still in mysterious progression; and, in his march through so many scenes of atrocity, will pause with peculiar complacency on the generous and active compassion of this country towards the unhappy fugitives: while, in his mind, the victory over our enemies and the victory over our prejudices shall contend for pre-eminence. Our Religionist endeavours to cover his sanguinary intentions with a veil woven by the hand of Hypocrisy: for when he says he would have the Emigrant Clergy privately supported, it must strike the most unobserving mind that if the current of public distribution should be obstructed, the innocent sufferers would be subject to a very uncertain and a more humiliating means of support. His other complaint, of the French Ecclesiastics being allowed to live in community, is equally void of discernment; for this mode of living enables them to administer comfort to one another, calls off their attention to our language, and keeps them unqualified for the exertion of proselytism.

———“ OXFORD, whose religious hand,

“ Extends her tribute to the suffering Band.” (Page 9.)

THE University of Oxford, with a liberality and an expansion of sentiment that cannot be sufficiently applauded, presented to each of the French Clergy a New Testament in Latin. The book was printed in conformity to the text approved of by Urban the Eighth. This is a circumstance peculiarly delicate: it enhances the donation, and breathes, as it were, the perfume of mental charity.

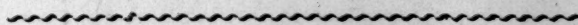
THE

“ Profane the shrine of our departed Sage !” (Page 9.)

THE same hypocritical veil I mentioned before is made use of, with regard to Mr. Burke : under the appearance of the highest commendation, this writer insinuates the odium he wishes to cast on that eminent personage. He approves, in a Note, of the pension that was given him ; which he condemns, in the Poem, as offered with a view to a bribe---

“ Who calm’d the terror of BURKE’S claw’s in gold !”

A little before this country had the misfortune to lose that great man, the fastidious critic expressed a wish that Mr. Burke would put an end to his literary labours, though it was universally acknowledged that the same vivid genius flamed on his later effusions which glowed in his earlier productions : The cowardly kind of hatred he bears towards Mr. Burke, extends in a more undisguised manner to his friends : I cannot otherwise account for the insult offered (in a wretched line) to the very learned and respectable Dr. Lawrence.



THE unsystematic incoherent reasoning, which often pervades the strictures of this Gentleman, appears in no place more prominent than that in which he displays so much zeal and anxiety for religion, and at the same time endeavours to stigmatize with contempt the great champion of our faith, who has so illustriously served the cause of Christianity in his contest with Priestley ; and who scorned to relinquish the field, before he had entangled and captived the roaring lion in his toils.

The Sermons, and particularly the Charges, of this eminent Prelate, are stamped with a peculiar character, impressing an awful conviction of the Christian Doctrine. The Charge, delivered at his primary visitation when he was Bishop of St. David's, should be the object of peculiar attention to the Clergy of this Kingdom, when they first enter upon their sacred function---It should be their pole-star, to guide them in their apostolic course.

THE malignity of our author is of an omnivorous nature; else why should the august name of MONTAGU be sported with? why should that Lady be held up to obloquy---defrauded of the literary honours she has earned by her genius, and of the homage which is due to her virtues? Why does he travel out of his road, to strike at the respectable name of Lady Mary Duncan? Many other questions of the same tendency might be addressed to this Gentleman, but I shall add nothing more at present.

The Monthly Review for October takes notice of his malevolent alacrity in defaming characters that demand respect.

The Critical Review for September attacks with a finely-pointed wit this inflated pretender to the throne of Criticism.



THE END.